

—HOPKINSON—

THE FAMOUS VICTORIES
OF HENRY THE FIFTH



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

822
F211
1896

~~ENGLISH~~

CENTRAL CIRCULATION BOOKSTACKS

The person charging this material is responsible for its renewal or its return to the library from which it was borrowed on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below. **The Minimum Fee for each Lost Book is \$50.00.**

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

TO RENEW CALL TELEPHONE CENTER, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

FEB 09 1994

SEP 07 1998

OCT 05 1998

MAR 26 2000

DEC 27 2000

When renewing by phone, write new due date below previous due date.

L162



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign Alternates

THE FAMOUS VICTORIES
OF
HENRY THE FIFTH.

OLD ENGLISH PLANS.

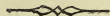
THE
FAMOUS VICTORIES
OF
HENRY THE FIFTH.



Edited, With An Introduction,

BY

A. F. HOPKINSON.



London:
M. E. SIMS & Co.,
DELANCEY STREET, CAMDEN TOWN.
1896.

822
F211
1896

~~English~~

INTRODUCTION.

— — — — — 0 — — — — —

THE Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth was entered on the Stationers' Registers May 14, (Steevens by mistake gives May 12) 1594, by Thomas Creed, as—*A book entitled The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable battle of Agincourt*. Four years later, in 1598, it was published by Thomas Creed with the following title-page:—*The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth: Containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt: As it was plaide by the Queenes maiesties Players*. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598. 4to. This is the first known edition of the play, but it is nearly certain that an edition must have been issued by Creed in 1594, (soon after he entered the play at Stationers' Hall) who would hardly allow four years to elapse between the time of entry and publication; no copy of such an edition has yet been discovered, although Mr. Collier mentions an early undated edition in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. Of the 1598 edition only one copy is known to be extant, and that is in the Bodleian library. About nineteen years later another impression—the second extant edition—was issued. The title runs thus:—*The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt. As it was acted by the Kinges Majesties Servants*. London, Imprinted by Barnard Alsop,

APR 23 1942
TEACH

1169657

and are to be sold by Tymothie Barlowe, at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the Signe of the Bull-head. 4to This edition is undated, but it is usually assigned to the year 1617. There is no material variation in the text of these two editions; the latter was apparently reprinted from the previous one, some of its erroneous readings were corrected and some were allowed to remain in all their corruption. From the 1617 quarto Steevens took the text of his reprint of the play which was published in *Six Old Plays*, &c. 1779.

It is worth pointing out that the 1598 edition retained on its title-page "as it was played by the Queen's majesty's players," although the Queen's men as a theatrical company had ceased to exist some six or seven years before that date. The publisher of the second edition rejected that piece of information, and substituted "as it was acted by the King's servants," which would of course mean the company to which Shakespeare had belonged. This company of actors did not assume the title of King's servants until after the accession of King James in 1603 (their patent bears date of May 19, 1603), and it is hardly likely they would revive this indifferent play—indifferent in comparison with Shakespeare's plays dealing with the same subject and period—when they had three plays by the great dramatist, immeasurably superior to this one. There is no evidence, beyond the words on the title of the second edition, that the King's men, at any period of their existence, produced the *Famous Victories*, and I can only regard the announcement as a fraud intended to deceive the purchasers into the belief that they were buying Shakespeare's play, which for years after its first

production was very popular, and had probably then been revived by the King's men. A similar reason may have induced Creed to print the play in 1598, for it is certain that the first part of Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* was on the stage about that time, and there is no doubt that the old play was issued with the intention of taking advantage of its popularity.

It is impossible to fix, with any certainty, the time at which the play was written, there being little internal or external evidence, of a reliable nature, on the point. Such evidence as is available may be briefly stated. The 1598 edition says it was acted by the Queen's players; this company was formed by the Queen's command in 1583, so that year would be the earliest possible limit for the period of production. Richard Tarleton was a member of the Queen's company (chosen out of Sussex' men on the formation of the Queen's) and acted the part of Derick in the *Famous Victories*. Tarleton died on the 3rd of September 1588, therefore that year would be the latest possible date at which the play could have been written. The only piece of internal evidence in point is important in helping towards a settlement of this knotty question. This consists in the medium chosen by the author for communicating his thoughts to his audience, which was prose; therefore that fact shows that the play was written at the time when prose was the chosen vehicle for the dialogue of plays. Up to about the year 1580 plays were almost entirely written in rhyme; from that year till the advent of Greene, Peele, Marlowe and others, prose was the custom, as Lyly's plays show; that was succeeded by blank-verse, which was introduced

mainly by Marlowe, and perfected by Shakespeare. The *Famous Victories* is written entirely in prose. But it does not so appear in the two early editions of the play. In 1598, the year the first extant edition was printed, blank-verse had become the vogue, and the publisher, probably with the intention of giving the play an up-to-date appearance, chopped up the prose in some parts into lines containing as near as possible ten syllables, so as to make it look as if portions of it were written in blank-verse. Here and there the operation has succeeded fairly well, and it is surprising to note how near an approach has been made to blank-verse, although "frequently of a very rude description," as Professor Ward says. The following lines, cited by Mr. Collier, will serve as a fair sample :—

"Most sovereign lord, and well-beloved father,
I came into your chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soul of your body, and finding you at that time
Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witness ; and what should I do,
But with weeping tears lament the death of you, my father ?
And after that, seeing the crown, I took it ;
And tell me, my father, who might better take it than I,
After your death ? but seeing you live,
I most humbly render it into your majesty's hands,
And the happiest man alive, that my father live :
And live, my lord and father, for ever."

Nevertheless the whole composition is in prose, and as prose it is given throughout the present reprint. This use of prose is a singular and most important fact in determining the date of writing, for it shows conclusively that it must have been composed in the middle of the three periods above mentioned. Such being the case, I think I am fully warranted in fixing the period of writing

between 1585 and 1588, with the probability that the earlier date is nearer the mark.

It would be more satisfactory if our knowledge of the stage history of the play were fuller than it is. Nothing is certainly known as to when it was presented on the stage, or the playhouse where it was performed. According to Tarleton's *Jests*, published posthumously in 1611, it was performed in the inn-yard of the Bull in Bishopsgate. If that be a fact—which I much question—it establishes a much earlier date for the writing and production of the piece, viz., before 1583, in which year the city inn-yards used for theatrical representations were suppressed. Besides, the 1598 quarto expressly says on its title-page that "it was plaide by the Queens maiesties players," and that body was not formed until Mar. 1583. In my opinion the play was produced at the Theatre by the Queen's men early in 1585 (in 1586 there were no plays in London on account of the plague, and the actors travelled in the provinces); if the play ever were shown in the inn-yard of the Bull, the representation must have been, as Mr. Fleay suggests, surreptitious. The key to the names of the actors who personated some of the characters is, as Mr. Fleay has already pointed out, to be found in the play itself; thus,—John Cobbler was played by John Laneham, Robin Pewterer by Robert (Robin) Wilson, Lawrence Costermonger by Lawrence Dutton, (see Mr. Fleay's *History of the Stage*, p. 67); all these actors are known to have belonged to the Queen's company in 1585. According to Tarleton's *Jests*, Knell played the part of Prince Henry, and Tarleton undertook the double role of Lord Chief Justice, and Derick the

clown. Of Tarleton more hereafter. James Burbadge may have personated King Henry IV., and perhaps after his death the French king. The Queen's company consisted nominally of twelve members, and it is very likely that in a play where two or three of the characters did not appear on the stage at the same time, the actors' parts were doubled or, in some instances, trebled.

There is every indication that the play was popular on the stage, and beyond doubt it remained in the possession of the Queen's men until their dissolution at the end of 1591 or 1592. Into whose hands it then fell, it is impossible to say; but whoever held it, there must have been a revival early in 1592, or perhaps just before the breaking up of the Queen's men in 1591, for Thomas Nash in his pamphlet, *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil* (entered Aug. 8, 1592, and published the same year), mentions the play in these terms:—"What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin sweare fealtie," p. 60, ed. Shak. Soc., 1842. This very circumstance of King Henry forcing the Dauphin to swear fealty, occurs in the *Famous Victories*, v. 4, and leaves no doubt that this was the play Nash referred to. It is more than likely that the play ultimately fell into the hands of Henslowe as did other Queen's men's plays, for in his *Diary*, under date of Nov. 28, 1595, is found an entry of *Harry the V.*, which was played by the Admiral's men at the Rose theatre; between that date and July 15, 1596 there were thirteen representations, Henslowe's share of the receipts being entered at three pounds six shillings. There can be

little doubt that this *Harry the V.* was the *Famous Victories*; it is true the letters n.e. (*i.e.* new enterlude or play, which Henslowe usually affixed to a new play) are attached to the entry, but that may have meant new so far as Henslowe's production of it was concerned, or it may have been then revived with new additions as was frequently the case. Henslowe's *Diary* furnishes other information relating to the same play. In his inventory of theatrical apparel taken on Mar. 10, 1598 occur the following notes:—

“Item,—v. payer of hosse [hose] for the clowne [Derick], and
v. gerkenes [jerkens] for them.”

“Item,—Harey the v. velvet gown.”

“Item.—1 payer of hosse for the Dowlfen [Dauphin].”

“Item,—Harye the v. satten dublet laid with gould lace.”

This inventory was taken in 1598, and furnishes additional proof that the play was frequently revived between 1595 and that date. The entries also show that Henslowe possessed a play on the events of the reign of Henry V. and I see no sufficient cause to believe that it was other than the one under consideration. The production of Shakespeare's play in 1599 would render a revival of the old play a failure, therefore nothing more is heard of it as a stage play in our theatrical history.

The play was published anonymously, and it is very difficult to decide on the authorship, there being little reliable evidence, internal or external, to serve as a guide. The composition bears slight affinity in style to that of the known dramatists writing at the time this play must have been produced. The dramatists then writing for

the stage, were, Lyly, Kyd, Greene, Peele, and Lodge ; to neither of these writers can the play be given as a whole. Mr. Fleay ascribes the piece to Richard Tarleton, and in the main, I see no cause to object to the ascription. There can be little doubt that he wrote the comic portions of the play, but in the serious parts I think there is evidence of a different hand, although I cannot satisfactorily decide as to which of the known dramatists those parts must be given. Greene and Lodge were in 1585 just commencing to write for the stage, and possibly Tarleton accepted one or the other as coadjutor. The date of Tarleton's birth is unknown, and few particulars of his life have descended to posterity ; such particulars, however, may be found, with a list of his writings, in the second volume of Mr. Fleay's *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*. This list shows him to have been a varied if not a voluminous author ; the period at which he commenced writing must be given as about 1570. At what time he became an actor it is difficult to ascertain, but he had performed a jig called *A Horse-load of Fools*, at the Curtain before 1583. In that year he was chosen out of Sussex' company of actors as a member of the then newly constituted company of Queen's players ; that fact alone conclusively proves that he had attained considerable eminence in his profession. With this company he remained till his death in 1588. Here our business with him is as an actor and playwright ; in the latter capacity he wrote, *circa* 1585, a play in two parts called the *Seven Deadly Sins*, the plot of the second part of which is extant at Dulwich College, and a copy of it is given in Steevens's *Shakespeare*, vol II. ed. 1793 ; as a relic of our

old drama it is invaluable for the light it throws on the early history of the stage, and it is much to be regretted that the first part is lost. Besides that play, there is strong presumptive evidence that Tarleton was the author of a large portion of the *Famous Victories*; his coadjutor can only be guessed at.

It is upon his fame as an actor that his immortality chiefly rests, and about that there cannot be the possibility of a doubt. There are numerous contemporary testimonies, of unquestioned accuracy, which show to what a high state of perfection his genius and ability, as a comedian, had raised him. He appears to have been one of those natural humourists who had but to show his face to set the spectators of a roar. The part of a clown or jester seems to have been his forte, and in one or both of those characters he appears to have been famous and inimitable.

Tradition says that Tarleton played Derick the clown in the *Famous Victories*; poor and tame as that individual's sallies of wit and tiresome repetitions may seem as they are now *read* three hundred years after they were uttered, it is not difficult to imagine what they would become on the lips of so consummate a master of his art as was Tarleton. The words, which appear to us "stale flat and unprofitable," coming from his lips and animated by his masterly genius, must have had an instantaneous and electrifying effect upon the audience; an effect such as would leave scarcely a face in the theatre undistended by jocund merriment.

In connection with the parts assumed by Tarleton in this play, there is an anecdote given in the second part

of his *Jests*, published in 1611, which I am inclined to regard as apocryphal. According to the *Jests*, Tarleton played the parts of Lord Chief Justice and Derick the clown; at one of the performances of the play at the Bull in Bishopsgate, in the trial scene, II. 1, the actor Knell, who played Henry V., then Prince Henry, gave Tarleton, the Lord Chief Justice, so smart a box on the ear that it echoed through the theatre and set the whole audience in a roar. When Tarleton had gone out as judge, he came in again in his clown's clothes and asked the actors—" 'What news?' 'Oh,' said one, 'hadst thou been here thou shouldst have seen Prince Henry hit the judge a terrible box on the ear.' 'What, man,' said Tarleton, 'strike a judge?' 'It is true, i'faith,' said the other. 'No other like,' said Tarleton, 'and it could not but be terrible to the judge, when the report so terrifies me, that methinks the blow remains still on my cheek that it burns me.' The people laughed at this mightily; and to this day I have heard it commended for rare." This circumstantial story on examination turns out to be all moonshine, and even contradicts itself. Tarleton is represented as playing the part of Lord Chief Justice and Derick the clown, but both these characters happen to be on the stage at the same time (see II. 1.); therefore it is impossible that he could have assumed both characters in the scene. It may be true about the sounding box on the ear, and the after merriment when Derick and his companions re-entered, but it is clear that Tarleton was not the judge. This flaw in the story casts grave doubts on my mind as to the authenticity of the whole account. That Tarleton played Derick, there

can be no question.

The author of this old play, whoever he was, adopted a plain, unostentatious style or composition ; he appears to have made no attempt at sky-raking flights of poetry, rhetorical effect, or display of what is called fine writing. There is nothing florid about his style ; he kept the business in hand before him, and used—

“ No new luxury of blandishment,
But plenty of Old England's mother's words.”

such as would make his meaning intelligible to his audience and explain what was going forward. Whatever is to be said, whether it be spoken by prince or clown, is expressed in such words as will tell what is doing, without any attempt at elaboration of expression. The numerous repetitions and buffooneries was probably a part of the author's design, and perhaps a nineteenth century reader is not so capable of appreciating them as was a sixteenth century spectator who had the advantage of Tarleton as expositor.

The same may be said of the construction of the piece, and of the characterisation ; the author does not appear to have been very ambitious in either direction, consequently there is no signal failure ; possibly his main object was to make his audience merry over the broad farce of Derick, or arouse the national pride by producing the counterfeit presentment of the famous victories of the brave, soldier-like king who has always been popular with the English people ; that he accomplished this desire there is no sufficient reason to doubt.

The portraiture of Henry, as prince and king, although

wanting in distinctness, shows considerable subtilty and skill deserving of praise. It is worth noting that the evolution of Shakespeare's pet hero is carried out on similar lines to those in the old play, although in the former case the character is more profoundly conceived and worked out. Of the internal troubles of the kingdom, which give such variety and scope to Shakespeare's splendid historical trilogy, nothing is to be found in this play, and upon the whole the omission is not to be regretted.

Certain critics have alluded to this play in terms of unqualified disparagement. Capell wrote of it as "a very medley of nonsense and ribaldry" a "miserable performance," and "its fate, which was damnation;" Dyce calls it "worthless play," and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps applies to it the epithet "contemptible." This censure seems to me too severe; the *Famous Victories* is certainly inferior to the Chronicle Histories of *King Leir*, *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, and *The True Tragedy of Richard III*, but considering the early date at which it was written, there is much in it worthy of commendation; perhaps no other play exercised more influence in fixing the form of our national historical drama than did this one. There is much in it superior to anything that had appeared prior to its production.

However, worthless as it may be in point of merit, Shakespeare did not disdain to make liberal use of it when writing the two parts of *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.* Apart from the common foundation of both plays, viz., Hollinshed and Stow's histories, Shakespeare's indebtedness to his predecessor is considerable, and should be

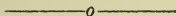
acknowledged. The great dramatist not only utilised some of the incidents and scenes from the old play, but also adopted many of the characters as the foundation for his own. The *Famous Victories* introduced Henry on the stage in the dual character of a riotous and dissolute young prince, and as a successful and accomplished warrior. Shakespeare followed in the track of his humble precursor, but his superior genius enabled him to give the character a more consistent and profound development. The robbery in which Prince Henry and his loose companions take part, and their subsequent adjournment to the old tavern in Eastcheap, is common to the old play and Shakespeare's, and the latter must have made use of the incident as the groundwork of his own; although it is vastly improved in every detail so that the one cannot bear comparison with the other. Many other similarities between the two plays could be pointed out, were it necessary, which will be readily apparent to the student of both plays; to do so here would be supererogatory, for, as Mr. Collier remarks, "the immeasurable superiority of Shakespeare's dramas is such as to render any attempt to trace resemblances rather a matter of contrast than comparison." Some of these resemblances, both verbal and constructive, are indicated in the foot-notes to the text. So far as the characters are concerned there can be no question but that the older play furnished Shakespeare with the outlines of some of those—"the irregular humorists"—which appear in his trilogy. These are not very difficult to distinguish; thus, the thief Gads-hill is identical with Gadshill in *Henry IV.*, Ned with Ned Poins, Tom with Peto, and Sir John Oldcastle with

Falstaff. With regard to this latter character there can be little doubt that Shakespeare adopted the name from the *Famous Victories*, for Falstaff was at first called Sir John Oldcastle ; it was not changed to Falstaff until some time after the play had been represented on the stage, possibly on the remonstrance of some member of the Cobham family. So far as the character itself is concerned, I do not think Shakespeare was much indebted to the old play. There he makes but a passing appearance, which is too transient to allow of any real development of character, and none apparently was attempted. Shakespeare did adopt the name from the old play, perhaps because he found him there linked to Prince Henry and his boon companions, but it was solely his masterly genius that raised his figure and developed it into the most original and varied character that the literature of any nation can show. He may have found the germs of his conception in the character of Strumbo in *Locrine*, an old play, mainly by Peele, published in 1595 as “newly set forth, overseen, and corrected by W. S[hakespeare], or in Basilisco, a foolish knight, in Kyd’s *Soliman and Perseda*, but supposing such to have been the case, the fact does not detract one iota from the original conception and development of Shakespeare’s immortal hero.

A. F. HOPKINSON,

London, Aug. 5th, 1896.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



KING HENRY IV.

HENRY, *his Son, afterwards* HENRY V.

DUKE OF YORK, *uncle to* HENRY V.

EARL OF OXFORD.

EARL OF EXETER.

ARCHBISHOP *of Canterbury.*

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *of England.*

LORD MAYOR *of London.*

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

NED.

TOM.

JOHN COBBLER.

ROBIN PEWTERER.

LAWRENCE COSTERMONGER.

DERICK, *a Clown.*

A THIEF.

WIFE *of* JOHN COBBLER.

CHARLES VI., *King of France.*

DAUPHIN *of France, his Son.*

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

CONSTABLE *of France.*

Archbishop of BRUGES.

KATHERINE, *Daughter of the French King.*

Lords, Ladies, Sheriff, Clerk of the Court, Secretaries, a Captain, English and French Soldiers, Herald, a Boy, Messengers, a Gaoler, Two Receivers, a Vintners Boy, a Drummer, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—*England and France.*

THE FAMOUS VICTORIES
OF
HENRY THE FIFTH

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Road near London,*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, NED, and TOM.

*P. Hen.** Come, away, Ned and Tom.

Both. Here, my lord.

P. Hen. Come, away, my lads. Tell me, sirs, how much gold have you got?

Ned. Faith, my lord, I have got five hundred pound.

P. Hen. But tell me, Tom, how much hast thou got?

Tom. Faith, my lord, some four hundred pound.

P. Hen. Four hundred pounds! bravely spoken, lads. But tell me, sirs, think you not that it was a villainous part of me to rob my father's receivers?

Ned. Why, no, my lord, it was but a trick of youth.

P. Hen. Faith, Ned, thou sayest true. But tell me, sirs, whereabouts are we?

* The old editions have *Hen. V.*, which is certainly wrong, for his father Henry IV. was still reigning, therefore he was not really Henry V. until some time after the opening of the play. For the sake of propriety I have printed *P. Hen.* until his father's death entitled him to be called Henry V.

Tom. My lord, we are now about a mile off London.

P. Hen. But, sirs, I marvel that Sir John Oldcastle comes not away. Zounds, see where he comes!

*Enter SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.**

How now, Jockey, what news with thee?

Sir John. Faith, my lord, such news as passeth, for the town of Deptford is risen with hue and cry after your man which parted from us the last night, and has set upon and hath robbed a poor carrier.

P. Hen. Zounds, the villain that was wont to spy out our booties!

Sir John. Ay, my lord, even the very same.

P. Hen. Now, base-minded rascal to rob a poor carrier; well, it skills† not, I'll save the base villain's life: ay, I may,—but tell me, Jockey, where about be the receivers?

Sir John. Faith, my lord, they are hard by; but the best is, we are a-horseback, and they be a-foot, so we may escape them.

P. Hen. Well, if‡ the villains come, let me alone with them. But tell me, Jockey, how much got'st thou from the knaves? for I am sure I got something, for one of the villains so belamed me about the shoulders as I shall feel it this month.§

Sir John. Faith, my lord, I have got a hundred pound.

P. Hen. A hundred pound! Now bravely spoken

* Here the old editions have, *Enters Jockey*, i.e. Sir John Oldcastle, and throughout the play the speech prefix for him is variously given *Jockey*, *Jock*, *Joh Old.*, and *Joh*. To preserve a uniformity I have printed the speech prefix *Sir John*.

† i.e. it matters not.

‡ Old copies, *I*.

§ Old copies. *moneth*; the old form of the word which is invariably used through the play.

Jockey ; but come, sirs, lay all your money before me. Now, by heaven, here is a brave show ! but as I am [a] true gentleman, I will have the half of this spent to-night. But, sirs, take up your bags, here come the receivers : let me alone.

Enter two Receivers.

1 *Rec.* Alas, good fellow, what shall we do ? I dare never go home to the Court, for I shall be hanged. But look, here is the young prince ; what shall we do ?

P. Hen. How now, you villains, what are you ?

1 *Rec.* Speak you to him.

2 *Rec.* No, I pray speak you to him.

P. Hen. Why, how now, you rascals, why speak you not ?

1 *Rec.* Forsooth, we be. Pray speak you to him.

P. Hen. Zounds, villains, speak, or I'll cut off your heads !

2 *Rec.* Forsooth, he can tell the tale better than I.

1 *Rec.* Forsooth, we be your father's Receivers.

P. Hen. Are you my father's Receivers ? Then I hope you have brought me some money.

1 *Rec.* Money, alas, sir, we be robbed !

P. Hen. Robbed ! how many were there of them ?

1 *Rec.* Marry, sir, there were four of them, and one of them had Sir John Oldcastle's bay Hobby, and [another] your black nag.

P. Hen. Gog's wounds,* how like you this, Jockey ? Blood, you villains ! my father robbed of his money

* *i.e.* God's wounds ; an oath very fashionable in the seventeenth century, as this play sufficiently proves.

abroad, and we robbed in our stables ! But tell me, how many were there of them ?

1 Rec. If it please you, there were four of them, and there was one about the bigness of you : but I am sure I so belamed him about the shoulders that he will feel it this month.

P. Hen. Gog's wounds, you lamed them fairly, so that they have carried away your money. But come, sirs, what shall we do with the villains ?

Both Rec. I beseech your grace be good to us.

Ned. I pray you, my lord, forgive them this once. Well, stand up and get you gone, and look that you speak not a word of it, for if there be, zounds, I'll hang you and all your kin. [*Exeunt Receivers.*]

P. Hen. Now, sirs, how like you this ? Was not this bravely done ? for now the villains dare not speak a word of it, I have so feared* them with words. Now whither shall we go ?

All. Why, my lord, you know our old hostess at Feversham.

P. Hen. Our hostess at Feversham ! blood, what shall we do there ? We have a thousand pound about us, and shall we go† to a petty alehouse ? No, no ; you know the old tavern in Eastcheap, there is good wine ; besides, there is a pretty wench that can talk well, for I delight as much in their tongues as any part about them.

All. We are ready to wait upon your grace.

P. Hen. Gog's wounds, wait ! we will go altogether, we are all fellows ; I tell you, sirs, and the king my father

* Frightened.

† Old copies, *we shall go*.

were dead, we would be all kings, therefore come away.

Ned. Gog's wounds, bravely spoken, Harry.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Street.*

Enter JOHN COBBLER, ROBIN PEWTERER, and LAWRENCE COSTERMONGER.

John. All is well, here, all is well, masters.

Law. How say you, neighbour John Cobbler, I think it best that my neighbour Robin Pewterer went to Pudding Lane end, and we will watch here at Billingsgate ward. How say you, neighbour Robin, how like you this?

Rob. Marry, well, neighbours; I care not much if I go to Pudding Lane end; but, neighbours, and you hear any ado about me, make haste: and if I hear any ado about you, I will come to you. [*Exit.*]

Law. Neighbour, what news hear you of the young prince?

John. Marry, neighbour, I hear say he is a toward young prince, for if he met any by the highway he will not let* to talk with him; I dare not call him thief, but sure he is one of these taking fellows.

Law. Indeed, neighbour, I hear say he is as lively a young prince as ever was.

John. Ay, and I hear say if he use it long, his father will cut him off from the crown: but, neighbour, say nothing of that.

Law. No, no, neighbour, I warrant you.

John. Neighbour, methinks you begin to sleep; if

* Refrain.

you will,* we will sit down, for I think it is about midnight.

Law. Marry, content, neighbour, let us sleep.

Enter DERICK roving.

Der. Who, who there, who there? [Exit.

Re-enter ROBIN.

Rob. Oh, neighbours, what mean you to sleep, and such ado in the streets?

Both. How now, neighbour, what's the matter?

Re-enter DERICK.

Der. Who there, who there, who there?

John. Why, what ailest thou? Here is no horses.

Der. Oh, alas, man, I am robbed! Who there, who there?

Rob. Hold him, neighbour Cobbler!

John. Why, I see thou art a plain clown.

Der. Am I a clown? Zounds, masters, do clowns go in silk apparel? I am sure all we gentlemen clowns in Kent scant† go so well: zounds, you know clowns very well! Hear you, are you master Constable? and you be, speak, for I will not take it at his hands.

John. Faith, I am master constable,† but I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

Der. Is not master Constable here? Well, it is no matter, I'll have the law at his hands.

John. Nay, I pray you, do not take the law of us.

* *i.e.*, Desire.

† Scarcely.

† *Qy.* should we not read, "I am *not* master Constable," etc.

Der. Well, you are one of his beastly officers.

John. I am one of his bad officers.

Der. Why, then I charge thee look to him.

John. Nay, but hear ye, sir, you seem to be an honest fellow, and we are poor men, and now 'tis night, and we would be loth to have anything ado, therefore, I pray thee put it up

Der. Faith, thou sayest true, I am an honest fellow, and a proper handsome fellow too, and you seem to be poor men, therefore, I care not greatly; nay, I am quickly pacified: but, and you chance to spy the thief, I pray you lay hold on him.

Rob. Yes, that we will, I warrant you.

Der. 'Tis a wonderful thing to see how glad the knave is, now I have forgiven him.

John. Neighbours, do ye look about you. How now, who's there?

Enter the Thief.

Thief. Here is a good fellow:—I pray you, which is the way to the old tavern in Eastcheap?

Der. Whoop, hallo! Now, Gadshill, knowest thou me?

Thief. I know thee for an ass.

Der. And I know thee for a taking fellow, upon Gad's Hill in Kent: a bote light upon ye!

Thief. The whoreson villain would be knocked.

Der. Masters, villain! and ye be men, stand to him, and take his weapon from him; let him not pass you.

John. My friend, wha tmake you abroad now? It is too late to walk now.

Thief. It is not too late for true men to walk.

Law. We know thee not to be a true man.

Thief. Why, what do you mean to do with me?
Zounds, I am one of the king's liege people!

Der. Hear you, sir, are you one of the king's liege people?

Thief. Ay, marry am I, sir; what say you to it?

Der. Marry, sir, I say you are one of the king's filching people.

John. Come, come, let's have him away.

Thief. Why, what have I done?

Rob. Thou hast robbed a poor fellow, and taken away his goods from him.

Thief. I never saw him before.

Der. Masters, who comes here?

Enter the Vintner's Boy.

Boy. How now, goodman Cobbler?

John. How now, Robin, what makes thou abroad at this time of night?

Boy. Marry, I have been at the Counter. I can tell such news as never you have heard the like.

John. What is that, Robin, what is the matter?

Boy. Why, this night about two hours ago, there came the young prince, and three or four more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noise* of musicians, and were very merry for the space of an hour; then, whether their music liked them not, or whether they had drunk too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flew against the walls, and

* i.e., A band or company of musicians.

then they drew their swords and went into the street and fought, and some took one part and some took another ; but for the space of half an hour there was such a bloody fray as passeth,* and none could part them until such time as the Mayor and Sheriff were sent for, and then at last, with much ado, they took them, and so the young prince was carried to the Counter, and then about one hour after there came a messenger from the court in all haste from the king, for my lord Mayor and the Sheriff, but for what cause I know not.

John. Here is news indeed, Robert.

Law. Marry, neighbour, this news is strange indeed ; I think it best, neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellow first.

Thief. What mean you to do with me ?

John. We mean to carry you to the prison, and there to remain till the session's day.

Thief. Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my master is.

John. Nay, thou must go to the country prison, to Newgate ; therefore, come away.

Thief. I pr'ythee be good to me, honest fellow.

Der. Ay, marry will I ; I'll be very charitable to thee, for I will never leave thee till I see thee on the gallows.

[*Exeunt.*

* i.e. Exceeds or surpasses all. So in Lyly's *Endimion*, III. 4,—“ Without doubt this dissembling passeth, for nothing shall draw me from the belief.”

SCENE III.—London. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY IV. *with the* EARL OF EXETER, *and the*
EARL OF OXFORD.

Oxf. And please your majesty, here is my lord Mayor, and the Sheriff of London, to speak with your majesty.

Hen. IV. Admit them to our presence.

Enter the LORD MAYOR *and the* SHERIFF.

Now my good lord Mayor of London, the cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tell you of a matter which I have learned of my Council: herein I understand that you have committed my son to prison without our leave and license. What, although he be a rude youth and likely to give occasion, yet you might have considered that he is a prince, and my son, and not to be haled to prison by every subject.

Mayor. May it please your majesty to give us leave to tell our tale?

Hen. IV. Or else, God forbid! otherwise, you might think me an unequal judge, having more affection to my son than to any rightful judgment.

Mayor. Then I do not doubt that we shall rather deserve commendations at your majesty's hands, than any anger.

Hen. IV. Go to; say on.

Mayor. Then if it please your majesty, this night, betwixt two and three of the clock in the morning, my lord the young prince, with a very disordered company, came to the old tavern in Eastcheap, and whether it was

that their music liked them not, or whether they were overcome with wine, I know not; but they drew their swords, and into the street they went, and some took my lord the young prince's part, and some took the other, but betwixt them there was such a bloody fray for the space of half an hour, that neither watchmen nor any other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriff of London and I were sent for, and at the last, with much ado, we stayed them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your loving subjects thereabouts: and then, my good lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to try us, whether we would do justice, or whether it were of their own voluntary will or not, we cannot tell; and therefore in such a case we knew not what to do, but for our own safeguard we sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your majesty's son. And thus most humbly beseeching your majesty to think of our answer,—

Hen. IV. Stand aside until we have further deliberated on your answer. [*Exeunt* MAYOR and SHERIFF.]

Ah, Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry, that hath gotten a son which with grief will end his father's days! Oh, my son, a prince thou art,—ay, a prince indeed,—and to deserve imprisonment! And well have they done, and like faithful subjects. Discharge them, and let them go.

Exe. I beseech your grace, be good to my lord the young prince.

Hen. IV. Nay, nay, 'tis no matter, let him alone.

Oxf. Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriff have been too precise in this matter.

Hen. IV. No; they have done like faithful subjects;

I will go myself to discharge them, and let them go.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Clerk of the Office, Gaoler,
JOHN COBBLER, DERICK, and the Thief.*

C. Just. Gaoler, bring the prisoner to the bar.

Der. Hear you, my lord, I pray you bring the bar to the prisoner.

C. Just. Hold up thy hand at the bar.

Thief. Here it is, my lord.

C. Just. Clerk of the office, read his indictment.

Clerk. What is thy name?

Thief. My name was known before I came here, and shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

C. Just. Ay, I think so; but we will know it better before thou go.

Der. Zounds, and you do but send to the next gaol, we are sure to know his name, for this is not the first prison he hath been in, I'll warrant you.

Clerk. What is thy name?

Thief. What need you to ask, and have it in writing?

Clerk. Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?

Thief. What the devil need you to ask, and know it so well!

Clerk. Why, then Cutbert Cutter, I indite thee, by the name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poor carrier the twentieth day of May last past, in the fourteen[th]

year of the reign of our sovereign lord King Henry the Fourth, for setting upon a poor carrier upon Gad's Hill in Kent, and having beaten and wounded the said carrier, and taken his goods from him.

Der. Oh, masters, stay there ; nay, let's never belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but he hath beaten and wounded my pack, and hath taken the great raze* of ginger, that bouncing Bess with the jolly buttocks should have had, that grieves me most.

C. Just. Well, what sayest thou, art thou guilty, or not guilty ?

Thief. Not guilty, my lord.

C. Just. By whom wilt thou be tried ?

Thief. By my lord the young prince, or by myself ; whether you will.

Enter PRINCE HENRY, with NED and TOM.

P. Hen. Come away, my lads ; Gog's wounds, ye villain, [*to the Thief.*] what make you here ? I must go about my business myself, and you must stand loitering here.

Thief. Why, my lord, they have bound me, and will not let me go.

P. Hen. Have they bound thee, villain ? Why how now, my lord ?

C. Just. I am glad to see your grace in good health.

P. Hen. Why, my lord, this is my man ; 'tis marvel you knew him not, long before this : I tell you, he is a man of his hands.

* *i.e.*, A bale or package of ginger root ; Spanish, *rayz*, a root.

Thief. Ay, Gog's wounds, that I am ; try me who dare.

C. Just. Your grace shall find small credit by acknowledging him to be your man.

P. Hen. Why, my lord, what hath he done ?

C. Just. And it please your majesty, he hath robbed a poor carrier.

Der. Hear you, sir, marry, it was one Derick, good-man Hobbling's man of Kent.

P. Hen. What wast thou, button-breech ? Of my word, my lord, he did it but in jest.

Der. Hear you, sir, is it your man's quality to rob folks in jest ? In faith, he shall be hanged in earnest !

P. Hen. Well, my lord, what do you mean to do with my man ?

C. Just. And please your grace, the law must pass on him according to justice, then he must be executed.

Der. Hear you, sir, I pray you, is it your man's quality to rob folks in jest ? In faith, he shall be hanged in jest.

P. Hen. Well, my lord, what mean you to do with my man ?

C. Just. And please your grace, the law must pass on him according to justice, then he must be executed.*

P. Hen. Why, then belike you mean to hang my man ?

C. Just. I am sorry that it falls out so.

P. Hen. Why, my lord, I pray ye, who am I ?

C. Just. And please your grace, you are my lord the

* Ed. 1617 reads, " And please your grace, according to law and justice he must be hanged."

young prince; our king that shall be, after the decease of our sovereign lord, King Henry the Fourth, whom God grant long to reign.

P. Hen. You say true, my lord: and you will hang my man?

C. Just. And like your grace, I must needs do justice.

P. Hen. Tell me, my lord, shall I have my man?

C. Just. I cannot, my lord.

P. Hen. But will you not let him go?

C. Just. I am sorry that his case is so ill.

P. Hen. Tush, case me no caseings, shall I have my man?

C. Just. I cannot, nor I may not, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, and I shall not, say, and then I am answered.

C. Just. No.

P. Hen. No? Then I will have him!

[*He gives him a box on the ear.*]

Ned. Gog's wounds, my lord, shall I cut off his head?

P. Hen. No; I charge you draw not your swords: but get you hence, provide a noise of musicians; away, be gone!

[*Exeunt NED, TOM, DER., and JOHN.**]

C. Just. Well, my lord, I am content to take it at your hands.

P. Hen. Nay, and you be not, you shall have more.

C. Just. Why, I pray you, my lord, who am I?

P. Hen. You, who knows not you? Why, man, you are Lord Chief Justice of England.

C. Just. Your grace hath said truth; therefore in

* Old copies, *Exeunt the Thief*, an error, for he does not go off the scene till later on.

striking me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me only, but also your father, whose lively person here in this place I do represent: and therefore to teach you what prerogatives mean, I commit you to the Fleet,* until we have spoken with your father.

P. Hen. Why, then belike you mean to send me to the Fleet?

C. Just. Ay, indeed, and therefore carry him away.

[*Exit P. HEN. with the Officers*

Gaoler, carry the prisoner to Newgate again till the next sizes.

Gaoler. At your commandment, my lord, it shall be done.

[*Exit with the Thief.*

[*Exeunt C. JUST., Clerk, and Officers.*

Re-enter DERICK, and JOHN COEBLER.

Der. Zounds, masters, here's ado, when princes must go to prison: why, John, didst ever see the like?

John. Oh, Derick, trust me, I never saw the like.

Der. Why, John, thou mayst see what princes be in

* According to recent research, it appears there is no historical foundation for the popular belief in the story of Prince Henry boxing Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne's ears, or of his committing the Prince to the Fleet for the offence. The subject has been exhaustively treated by Mr. Solly-Flood, Q.C., in a long paper read before the Royal Historical Society in Nov. 1885, and published by Longmans in 1886. Mr. Flood not only demolishes the story of the insult and committal, but also overthrows the belief in the Prince's youthful excesses, for which there appears to be absolutely no foundation in fact. I have not seen Mr. Flood's work, and my remarks are based on a critical notice of the book in the *Saturday Review* of Oct. 15, 1887. Shakespeare followed the author of the old play in the popular error, but, with his usual good taste, he did not openly exhibit the insult offered the judge on the stage; he alludes to the circumstance, however, in *2 Henry IV.* i. 2,—

"*Page.* See here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph."

choler. A judge a box on the ear! I'll tell thee, John, Oh, John, I would not have done it for twenty shillings.

John. No, nor I; there had been no way but one for us, we should have been hanged.

Der. Faith, John, I'll tell thee what; thou shalt be my Lord Chief Justice, and thou shalt sit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince and hit the a box on the ear, and then thou shalt say, 'To teach you what prerogatives mean, I commit you to the Fleet.'

John. Come on, I'll be your judge, but thou shalt not hit me hard.

Der. No, no.

John. What hath he done?

Der. Marry, he hath robbed Derick.

John. Why, then I cannot let him go.

Der. I must needs have my man.

John. You shall not have him.

Der. Shall I not have my man? say no, and you dare. How say you, shall I not have my man?

John. No, marry shall you not.

Der. Shall I not, John?

John. No, Derick.

Der. Why, then take that till more come. [*Boxes his ear.*] Zounds, shall I not have him?

John. Well, I am content to take this at your hand; but I pray you, who am I?

Der. Who art thou? Zounds, dost not know thyself?

John. No.

Der. Now, away, simple fellow! Why, man, thou art John the Cobbler.

John. No; I am my Lord Chief Justice of England,

Der. Oh, John ! mass, thou sayst true ; thou art indeed.

John. Why, then to teach you what prerogatives mean, I commit you to the Fleet.

Der. Well, I will go, but, i' faith, you grey-beard knave, I'll course you. [*Exit and re-enters.*] Oh, John, come, come out of thy chair ! Why, what a clown wast thou to let me hit thee a box on the ear ; and now thou seest they will not take me to the Fleet, I think thou art one of these Worenday clowns.

John. But I marvel what will become of thee.

Der. Faith, I'll be no more a carrier.

John. What wilt thou do, then ?

Der. I'll dwell with thee, and be a cobbler.

John. With me ? alas, I am not able to keep thee ; why, thou wilt eat me out of doors.

Der. Oh, John, no John, I am none of these great slouching fellows that devour these great pieces of beef and brewis ;* alas, a trifle serves me ; a woodcock, a chicken, or a capon's leg, or any such little thing serves me.

John. A capon ! why, man, I cannot get a capon once a year, except it be at Christmas at some other man's house ; for we cobblers be glad of a dish of roots.

Der. Roots ! why, are you so good at rooting ? Nay, Cobbler, we'll have you ringed.

John. But, Derick, though we be so poor, yet will we have in store—A crab in the fire,†

With nut-brown ale, that is full stale,

* Brewis was, according to Nares, bread soaked in pot-liquor.

† This wild English apple, roasted before the fire and put into ale, was a very favourite indulgence in early times. NARES.

Which will a man quail,
And lay in the mire.

Der. A bots on you! and['t] be but for your ale, I'll dwell with you; come, let's away as fast as we can.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Westminster. *Before the King's Palace.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, *with* NED and TOM.

P. Hen. Come away, sirs; Gog's wounds, Ned, didst thou not see what a box on the ear I took my Lord Chief Justice?

Tom. By Gog's blood, it did me good to see it; it made his teeth jar in his head.

Enter SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

P. Hen. How now, Sir John Oldcastle, what news with you?

Sir John. I am glad to see your grace at liberty; I was come, I, to visit you in prison.

P. Hen. To visit me, didst thou not know that I am a prince's son? Why, 'tis enough for me to look into a prison, though I come not in myself; but here's such ado now-a-days, here's prisoning, here's hanging, whipping, and the devil and all: but I tell you, sirs, when I am king we will have no such things; but, my lads, if the old king, my father, were dead, we would be all kings.

Sir John. He is a good old man, God take him to his mercy the sooner.

P. Hen. But, Ned, so soon as I am king, the first

thing I will do, shall be to put my Lord Chief Justice out of office, and thou shalt be my Lord Chief Justice of England.

Ned. Shall I be Lord Chief Justice? By Gog's wounds, I'll be the bravest Lord Chief Justice that ever was in England.*

P. Hen. Then, Ned, I'll turn all these prisons into fence-schools, and I will endue† thee with them, with lands to maintain them withal: then I will have a bout with my Lord Chief Justice. Thou shalt hang none but pick-purses, and horse stealers, and such base-minded villains; but that fellow that will stand by the highway-side courageously with his sword and buckler, and take a purse, that fellow, give him commendations; beside that, send him to me and I will give him an annual pension out of my exchequer, to maintain him all the days of his life.

Sir John. Nobly spoken, Harry; we shall never have a merry world till the old king be dead.

Ned. But whither are ye going now?

P. Hen. To the Court, for I hear say my father lies very sick.

Tom. But I doubt he will not die.

P. Hen. Yet will I go thither, for the breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth, but I will clap the crown on my head.

Sir John. Will you go to the Court with that cloak so full of needles?

* Cf. 2 *Henry IV.* i. 2,—

“*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.”

† Perhaps *endow*.

P. Hen. Cloak, cylot holes, needles and all, was of mine own devising, and therefore I will wear it.

Tom. I pray you, my lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

P. Hen. Why, man, 'tis a sign that I stand upon thorns, till the crown be on my head.

Sir John. Or that every needle might be a prick to their hearts that repine at your doings.

P. Hen. Thou sayst true, Jockey; but there's some will say the young prince will be a well-toward young man, and all this gear, that I had as lief they would break my head with a pot as say any such thing; but we stand prating here too long: I must needs speak with my father, therefore, come away. [*He knocks at the gate.*]

Porter. [*within.*] What a rapping keep you at the king's court gate!

P. Hen. Here's one that must speak with the king.

Porter. The king is very sick, and none must speak with him.

P. Hen. No, you rascal, do you not know me?

Porter. You are my lord the young prince.

P. Hen. Then go and tell my father that I must and will speak with him.

Ned. Shall I cut off his head?

P. Hen. No, no; though I would help you in other places, yet I have nothing to do here. What, you are in my father's court!

Ned. I will write him in my tables, for so soon as I am made Lord Chief Justice, I will put him out of his office. [*Trumpets sound.*]

P. Hen. Gog's wounds, sirs, the king comes; let's all stand aside. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY with the Earl of EXETER.

Hen. IV. And is it true, my lord, that my son is already sent to the Fleet? Now, truly, that man is more fitter to rule the realm than I, for by no means could I rule my son, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh, my son, my son! no sooner out of one prison, but into another; I had thought once whiles I had lived to have seen this noble realm of England flourish by thee, my son, but now I see it goes to ruin and decay.

[He weeps.]

*Enter the Earl of OXFORD; with him PRINCE HENRY, SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, NED and TOM, who remain in the background.**

Oxf. And please your grace, here is my lord your son, that cometh to speak with you; he saith he must and will speak with you.

Hen. IV. Who, my son Harry?

Oxf. Ay, and please your majesty.

Hen. IV. I know wherefore he cometh; but look that none come with him.

Oxf. A very disordered company, and such as make

* Here the old copies have simply *Enter Lord of Oxford*, but from the dialogue immediately following it is clear that Prince Henry and his companions appear on the scene, although they do not enter the king's chamber; possibly they remain in the corridor or some ante-room, where they are unseen by the king, yet are visible to the audience.

very ill rule in your majesty's house.

Hen. IV. Well, let him come, but look that none come with him.

[*OXFORD returns to PRINCE HENRY.*

Oxf. And please your grace, my lord the king sends for you.

P. Hen. Come away, sirs, let's go altogether.

Oxf. And please your grace, none must go with you.

P. Hen. Why, I must needs have them with me, otherwise I can do my father no countenance; therefore, come away.

Oxf. The king, your father, commands there should none come.

P. Hen. Well, sirs, then be gone, and provide me three noise of musicians. [*Exeunt SIR JOHN, NED, and TOM.**

Enter PRINCE HENRY, with a dagger in his hand.

Hen. IV. Come, my son, come on, 'a God's name; I I know wherefore thy coming is. Oh, my son, my son! what cause hath ever been that thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vild† and reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly? Oh, my son, thou knowest that these thy doings will end thy father's days! [*He weeps.*] Ay, so, so, my son, thou fearest not to approach the presence of thy sick father in that disguised sort; I tell thee, my son, that there is never a needle in thy cloak but it is a prick to my heart, and never an eylothe but it is a hole to my soul: and wherefore bringst thou that dagger in thy hand, I know not, but by conjecture. [*He weeps.*

* Old copies, *Exeunt Knights.*

† i.e., Vile.

P. Hen. My conscience accuseth me, most sovereign lord and well-beloved father, to answer first to the last point,—that is, whereas you conjecture that this hand and this dagger shall be armed against your life:—no; know my beloved father, far be the thoughts of your son, son, said I?—an unworthy son for so good a father!—but far be the thoughts of any such pretended mischief, and I most humbly render it to your majesty's hand, and live my lord and sovereign for ever: and with your dagger-arm show like vengeance upon the body of your son, I was about to say, and dare not. Ah, woe is me! Therefore that your wild slave,*—'tis not the crown that I come for, sweet father, because I am unworthy; and those wild and reprobate company I abandon, and utterly abolish their company for ever. Pardon, sweet father, pardon! the least thing and most desire[d]. And this ruffianly cloak I here tear from my back, and sacrifice it to the devil, which is master of all mischief. Pardon me, sweet father, pardon me!—Good my lord of Exeter, speak for me. Pardon me, pardon, good father! Not a word? Ah, he will not speak one word! Ah, Harry, now thrice unhappy Harry! But what shall I do? I will go take me into some solitary place, and there lament my sinful life, and when I have done, I will lay me down and die. [Exit.]

Hen. IV. Call him again, call my son again!

[PRINCE HENRY returns.]

P. Hen. And doth my father call me again? Now, Harry, happy be the time that thy father calleth thee again.

* This passage seems obscure; possibly something has dropped out.

Hen. IV. Stand up, my son, and do not think thy father,—but at the request of thee, my son, I will pardon thee, and God bless thee, and make thee his servant.

P. Hen. Thanks, good my lord, and no doubt but this day, even this day, I am born new again.

Hen. IV. Come, my son, and lords, take me by the hands.*
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.—London. Before JOHN COBBLER's House.

Enter DERICK from the House.

Der. Thou art a stinking whore, and a whoreson stinking whore; dost think I'll take it at thy hands?

Enter JOHN COBBLER, running.

John. Derick, Derick, Derick! Hearest 'a? Do, Derick; never while thou livest use that. Why, what will my neighbours say, and thou go away so?†

Der. She's an arrant whore, and I'll have the law on you, John.

John. Why, what hath she done?

Der. Marry, mark thou, John, I will prove it, that I will!

John. What wilt thou prove?

Der. That she called me in to dinner, John, mark the tale well, John, and when I was set she brought me a dish of roots and a piece of barrel butter therein: and

* For this scene, see 1 *Henry IV.* III. 2.

† The old copies read,—

“ *John.* Derick, D. D. Hearesta,

Do D. neuer while thou liuest vse that.

Why what will my neighbours say, and thou go away so?”

she is a very knave, and thou a drab if thou take her part.

John. Hearest 'a, Derick, is this the matter? Nay, and it be no worse, we will go home again, and all shall be amended.

Der. Oh, John! hearest 'a, John, is all well?

John. Ay, all is well.

Der. Then I'll go home before, and break all the glass windows. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *The King's bed-chamber in the Palace.*

The KING discovered with OXFORD, EXETER and other Lords.

Hen. IV. Come, my lords, I see it boots me not to take any physic, for all the physicians in the world cannot cure me; no, not one! But, good my lords, remember my last will and testament concerning my son, for truly, my lords, I do not think but he will prove as valiant and victorious a king as ever reigned in England.

Both. Let heaven and earth be witness between us, if we accomplish not thy will to the uttermost.

Hen. IV. I give you most unfeigned thanks. Good my lords, draw the curtains and depart my chamber a while; and cause some music to rock me asleep.

[He sleeps. Exeunt OXF., EXE., and Lords.]

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Ah, Harry, thrice unhappy, that hath neglect[ed] so long from visiting of thy sick father. I will go; nay, but why do I not go to the chamber of my sick

father, to comfort the melancholy soul of his body? His soul, said I? here is his body indeed, but his soul is whereas* it needs no body. Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I crave pardon for all. Oh, my dying father! cursed be the day wherein I was born, and accursed be the hour wherein I was begotten! But what shall I do? If weeping tears, which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I will weep day and night, until the fountain be dry with weeping.

[*Exit with the Crown.*]

Enter EXETER and OXFORD.

Exe. Come easily, my lord, for waking of the king.

Hen. IV. Now, my lords?

Oxf. How doth your grace feel yourself?

Hen. IV. Somewhat better after my sleep; but, good my lords, take off my crown, remove my chair a little back, and set me right.

Both. And please your grace, the crown is taken away.

Hen. IV. The crown taken away! Good my lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deed. [*Exit OXF.*] No doubt 'tis some vild† traitor that hath done it, to deprive my son; they that would do it now, would seek to scrape and scrawl for it after my death.

Re-enter OXFORD, and PRINCE HENRY with the Crown.

Oxf. Here, and please your grace, is my lord the young prince with the crown.

Hen. IV. Why, how now, my son? I had thought

*i.e., Where.

† Vile.

the last time I had you in schooling, I had given you a lesson for all; and do you now begin again? Why, tell me, my son, dost thou think the time so long, that thou wouldst have it before the breath be out of my mouth?

P. Hen. Most sovereign lord, and well-beloved father, I came into your chamber to comfort the melancholy soul of your body, and finding you at that time past all recovery, and dead to my thinking (God is my witness), and what should I do but, with weeping tears lament the death of you, my father? And after that, seeing the crown, I took it: and tell me, my father, who might better take it than I, after your death? but seeing you live, I most humbly render it into your majesty's hands, and the happiest man alive, that my father live, and live my lord and father for ever.*

Hen. IV. Stand up, my son: thine answer hath sounded well in mine ears, for I must need confess that I was in a very sound sleep, and altogether unmindful of thy coming. But come near, my son, and let me put thee in possession whilst I live, that none deprive thee of it after my death.

P. Hen. Well may I take it at your majesty's hands, but it shall never touch my head so long as my father lives.

[*He takes the Crown.*]

Hen. IV. God give thee joy, my son; God bless thee and make thee his servant, and send thee a prosperous reign, for God knows, my son, how hardly I came by it, and how hardly I have maintained it.

P. Hen. Howsoever you came by it, I know not; and

* Cf. 2 *Henry IV.* iv. 4, where Prince Henry gives almost identical reasons for taking the crown.

now I have it from you, and from you I will keep it : and he that seeks to take the crown from my head, let him look that his armour be thicker than mine, or I will pierce him to the heart, were it harder than brass or bullion.*

Hen. IV. Nobly spoken and like a king ! Now, trust me, my lords, I fear not but my son will be as warlike and victorious a prince as ever reigned in England.

Oxf., Exe. His former life shows no less.

Hen. IV. Well, my lords, I know not whether it be for sleep, or drawing near of drowsy summer of death, but I am very much given to sleep ; therefore, good my lords and my son, draw the curtains, depart my chamber, and cause some music to rock me asleep.

[*Exeunt Lords, The KING dies.*

SCENE II.—Westminster. *Street before the Palace.*

Enter the Thief.

Thief. Ah God, I am now much like to a bird which hath escaped out of the cage, for so soon as my Lord Chief Justice heard that the old king was dead, he was glad to let me go, for fear of my lord the young prince : but here comes some of his companions, I will see and I can get anything of them, for old acquaintance.

Enter SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, TOM, and NED.†

Tom. Gog's wounds, the king is dead !

Sir John. Dead ! then Gog's blood, we shall be all kings.

* Cf. 2 *Henry IV.* iv. 4.

† Old copies, *Enter Knights raunging.*

Ned. Gog's wounds, I shall be Lord Chief Justice of England!

Tom [to Thief]. Why, how, are you broken out of prison?

Ned. Gog's wounds, how the villain stinks!

Sir John. Why, what will become of thee now? Fie upon him, how the rascal stinks!

Thief. Marry, I will go and serve my master again.

Tom. Gog's blood, dost think that he will have any such scab'd knave as thou art? What, man, he is a king now!

Ned. Hold thee, here's a couple of angels for thee, and get thee gone, for the king will not be long before he come this way; and hereafter I will tell the king of thee. [Exit Thief.]

Sir John. Oh, how it did me good to see the king when he was crowned! Methought his seat was like the figure of heaven, and his person like unto a god.

Ned. But who would have thought that the king would have changed his countenance so?

Sir John. Did you not see with what grace he sent his embassage into France, to tell the French king that Harry of England hath sent for the crown, and Harry of England will have it?

Tom. But 't was but a little to make the people believe that he was sorry for his father's death.

[Trumpet sounds.]

Ned. Gog's wounds, the king comes; let all stand aside.

Enter KING HENRY V. with the Archbishop of Canterbury,
and the Earl of OXFORD.

Sir John. How do you, my lord?

Ned. How now, Harry? Tut, my lord, put away these dumps; you are a king, and all the realm is yours. What, man, do you not remember the old sayings? you know I must be Lord Chief Justice of England. 'Trust me, my lord, methinks you are very much changed, and 'tis but with a little sorrowing, to make folks believe the death of your father grieves you, and 'tis nothing so.

Hen. V. I pr'ythee, Ned, mend thy manners, and be more modester in thy terms, for my unfeigned grief is not to be ruled by thy flattering and dissembling talk. Thou sayst I am changed, so I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that quickly, or else I must cause thee to be changed.

Sir John. Gog's wounds, how like you this? Zounds, 'tis not so sweet as music!

Tom. I trust we have not offended your grace no way.

Hen. V. Ah, Tom, your former life grieves me, and makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever, and therefore not upon pain of death to approach my presence by ten miles' space; then if I hear well of you, it may be I will do somewhat for you, otherwise look for no more favour at my hands than any other man's:* and therefore be gone, we have no other matters to talk on.

[*Exeunt SIR JOHN, NED, and TOM. The KING and his Train enter the Palace.*†

* This speech in Shakespeare's play is addressed to Falstaff. See 2 *Henry IV.* v. 5, l. 60, *et seq.*

† The old copies have *Exeunt Knights*, only; the other characters remain on the stage and there is apparently no change of scene, although a change appears to be necessary. Further on, the King receives the French ambassador, and it is scarcely probable that he would do so in the public street. I therefore venture to divide the scene here, and locate the place of meeting inside the King's palace at Westminster.

SCENE III.—*The same. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY V., the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Oxford, and other Lords.

Hen. V. Now my good lord archbishop of Canterbury, what say you to our embassy into France?

Arch. Your right to the French crown of France,* came by your great grandmother Isabel, wife to King Edward the third, and sister to Charles the French king. Now if the French king deny it, as likely enough he will, then must you take your sword in hand and conquer the right. Let the usurped Frenchman know, although your predecessors have let it pass, you will not; for your countrymen are willing, with purse and men, to aid you. Then, my good lord, as it hath been always known that Scotland hath been in league with France by a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence, I think it therefore best to conquer Scotland, and then I think that you may go more easily into France: and this is all that I can say, my good lord.

Hen. V. I thank you, my good lord archbishop of Canterbury. What say you, my good lord of Oxford?

Oxf. And† please your majesty, I agree to my lord archbishop, saving in this,—

He that will Scotland win,
Must first with France begin;‡

* This reads like an interpolation. The mistake probably occurred through the compositor's eye catching the same word at the end of the previous line.

† Ed. 1598 reads, "And, *and* please your majesty."

‡ This proverbial couplet is reversed in Shakespeares *Henry V.* 1. 2,—

"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin."

according to the old saying. Therefore, my good lord, I think it best to invade France; for in conquering Scotland you conquer but one: and conquer France, and conquer both.

Enter the Earl of EXETER.

Exe. And please your majesty, my lord ambassador is come out of France.

Hen. V. Now trust me, my lord, he was the last man that we talked of; I am glad that he is come to resolve us of our answer: commit him to our presence.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

York. God save the life of my sovereign lord the king!

Hen. V. Now my good lord the duke of York, what news from our brother the French king?

York. And please your majesty, I delivered him my embassage, whereof I took some deliberation, but for the answer he hath sent my lord ambassador of Bruges,* the duke of Burgundy, Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fifty horsemen to bring the embassage.

Hen. V. Commit my lord the archbishop of Bruges into our presence.

Enter the Archbishop of BRUGES.

Now my lord archbishop of Bruges, we do learn by our lord ambassador that you have our message to do from our brother the French king. Here, my good lord, according to our accustomed order, we give you free liberty and license to speak, with good audience.

* Throughout the play the old copies read *Burges*.

Arch. God save the mighty king of England! My lord and master, the most Christian king, Charles the seventh, the great and mighty king of France, as a most noble and Christian king, not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content to yield somewhat to your unreasonable demands; that if fifty thousand crowns a year with his daughter, the said lady Katherine, in marriage, and some crowns which he may well spare, not hurting of his kingdom, he is content to yield so far to your unreasonable desire.

Hen. V. Why, then, belike your lord and master thinks to puff me up with fifty thousand crowns a year? No; tell thy lord and master that all the crowns in France shall not serve me, except the Crown and kingdom itself; and perchance hereafter I will have his daughter.

Arch. And may it please your majesty, my lord prince Dauphin greets you well with this present.

[*He delivers a tun of tennis balls.*]

Hen. V. What! a gilded tun? I pray you, my lord of York, look what is in it. [YORK opens the tun.]

York. And it please your grace, here is a carpet and a tun of tennis balls.

Hen. V. A tun of tennis balls! I pray you, good my lord archbishop, what might the meaning thereof be?

Arch. And it please you, my lord, a messenger, you know, ought to keep close his message, and especially an ambassador.

[*Hen. V.* But I know that you may declare your message to a king; the law of arms allows no less.]

Arch. My lord hearing of your wildness before your father's death, sent you this, my good lord, meaning that

you are more fitter for a tennis court than a field, and more fitter for a carpet than the camp.

Hen. V. My lord prince Dauphin is very pleasant with me : but tell him that instead of balls of leather we will toss him balls of brass and iron ; yea, such balls as never were tossed in France, the proudest tennis court shall rue it,—ay, and thou, prince of Bruges, shall rue it. Therefore, get thee hence, and tell him thy message quickly, lest I be there before thee. Away, priest, be gone !*

Arch. I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe conduct under your broad seal emanuel.

Hen. V. Priest of Bruges, know that the hand and seal of a king, and his word, is all one ; and instead of my hand and seal, I will bring him my hand and sword : and tell thy lord and master that I, Harry of England, said it, and I, Harry of England, will perform it. My lord of York, deliver him our safe conduct under our broad seal emanuel. [*Exeunt Archbishop and York.* Now my lords, to arms, to arms ! for I vow by heaven and earth, that the proudest Frenchman in all France, shall rue the time that ever these tennis balls were sent into England. My lord, I will† it there be provided a great navy of ships with all speed at Southampton, for there I mean to ship my men, for I would be there before him, if it were possible ; therefore, come : but stay—I had almost forgot the chiefest thing of all, with chaffing with this French ambassador. Call in my Lord Chief Justice of England.

* Cf. *Henry V.* i. 2.

† i.e., Command.

Enter LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Exe. Here is the king, my lord.

C. Just. God preserve your majesty !

Hen. V. Why, how now, my lord, what is the matter ?

C. Just. I would it were unknown to your majesty !

Hen. V. Why, what ail you ?

C. Just. Your majesty knoweth my grief well.

Hen. V. Oh, my lord, you remember you sent me to the Fleet, did you not ?

C. Just. I trust your grace have forgotton that.

Hen. V. Ay, truly, my lord, and for revengement I have chosen you to be my protector over my realm, until it shall please God to give me speedy return out of France.

C. Just. And if it please your majesty, I am far unworthy of so high a dignity.

Hen. V. Tut, my lord, you are not unworthy, because I think you worthy : for you that would not spare me, I think will not spare another. It must needs be so, and therefore come, let us be gone, and get our men in a readiness.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Street.*

Enter a Captain, JOHN COBBLER, and his Wife.

Cap. Come, come, there's no remedy, thou must needs serve the king.

John. Good master captain, let me go, I am not able

* This scene with the Lord Chief Justice is lengthened and elaborated by Shakespeare in 2 *Henry IV.* v. 2, q. v.

to go so far.

Wife. I pray you, good master captain, be good to my husband.

Cap. Why, I am sure he is not too good to serve the king.

John. Alas, no; but a great deal too bad, therefore I pray you let me go.

Cap. No, no, thou shalt go.

John. Oh, sir, I have a great many shoes at home to cobble.

Wife. I pray you let him go home again.

Cap. Tush, I care not; thou shalt go.

John. Oh, wife, and you had been a loving wife to me, this had not been; for I have said many times that I would go away, and now I must go against my will.

[*He weeps.*]

Enter DERICK.

Der. How now, ho, Basillus manus, for an old cod-piece;* master captain, shall we away? Zounds, how now, John? what, a-crying! What make you and my dame there? I marvel whose head you will throw the stools at, now we are gone.

Wife. I'll tell you; come, ye cloghead, what do you with my potlid? Hear you, will you have it rapped about your pate? [*She beats him with her potlid.*]

Der. Oh, good dame! [*He shakes her.*] And I had my dagger here, I would worry you all to pieces; that I would!

* A part of male dress, formerly made very conspicuous, and put to various uses.—NARES.

Wife. Would you so? I'll try that. [*She beats him.*]

Der. Master captain, will ye suffer her? Go to, dame, I will go back as far as I can, but and you come again, I'll clap the law on your back, that's flat. I'll tell you master captain, what you shall do; press her for a soldier; I warrant you she will do as much good as her husband and I too.

Enter the Thief.

Zounds, who comes yonder?

Cap. How now, good fellow, dost thou want a master?

Thief. Ay, truly, sir.

Cap. Hold thee, then; I press thee for a soldier, to serve the king in France.

Der. How now, Gads, what doest, knowest, thinkest?

Thief. Ay, I knew thee long ago.

Der. Hear you, master captain?

Cap. What sayst thou?

Der. I pray you let me go home again.

Cap. Why, what wouldst thou do at home?

Der. Marry, I have brought two shirts with me, and I would carry one of them home again, for I am sure he'll steal it from me, he is such a filching fellow.

Cap. I warrant thee he will not steal it from thee. Come, let's away.

Der. Come, master captain, let's away. Come, follow me.

John. Come wife, let's part lovingly.

Wife. Farewell, good husband!

Der. Fie, what a kissing and crying is here! Zounds, do ye think he will never come again? Why, John, come

away ; dost think that we are so base-minded to die among Frenchmen ? Zounds, we know not whether they will lay us in their church or no ! Come, master captain, let's away.

Cap. I cannot stay no longer, therefore, come away.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—France. *A room in the French king's Palace.*

Flourish. *Enter the French KING, PRINCE DAUPHIN, and the Lord high CONSTABLE of France.*

King. Now my lord high Constable, what say you to our embassage into England ?

Con. And it please your majesty, I can say nothing until my lord ambassadors be come home ; but yet, methinks your grace hath done well to get your men in so good a readiness, for fear of the worst.

King. Ay, my lord, we have some in a readiness, but if the king of England make against us, we must have thrice so many more.

Dau. Tut, my lord, although the king of England be young and wild-headed, yet never think he will be so unwise to make battle against the mighty king of France.

King. Oh, my son, although the king of England be young and wild-headed, yet never think but he is ruled by his wise counsellors.

Enter the Archbishop of BRUGES.

Arch. God save the life of my sovereign lord the king !

King. Now my good lord archbishop of Bruges, what news from our brother the English king?

Arch. And please your majesty, he is so far from your expectation, that nothing will serve him but the crown and kingdom itself; besides, he bade me haste quickly, lest he be there before me, and so far as I hear, he hath kept his promise, for they say he is already landed at Kidcocks in Normandy, upon the river of Seine, and laid his siege to the garrison town of Harfleur.

King. You have made great haste in the meantime, have you not?

Dau. I pray you, my lord, how did the king of England take my presents?

Arch. Truly, my lord, in very ill part; for these your balls of leather, he will toss you balls of brass and iron. Trust me, my lord, I was very afraid of him, he is such a haughty and high-minded prince; he is as fierce as a lion.

Con. Tush, we will make him as tame as a lamb, I warrant you.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. God save the mighty king of France!

King. Now, messenger, what news?

Mes. And it please your majesty, I come from your poor distressed town of Harfleur, which is so beset on every side; if your majesty do not send present aid, the town will be yielded to the English king.

King. Come, my lords, come, shall we stand still till our country be spoiled under our noses? My lords, let the Normans, Brabants, Picardies, and Danes be sent for

with all speed : and you, my lord high Constable, I make general over all my whole army. Monsieur le Cole master of the Boas, Signior Devans, and all the rest at your appointment.

Dau. I trust your majesty will bestow some part of the battle on me ; I hope not to present any otherwise than well.

King. I tell thee, my son, although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life, I should think myself quite conquered, and the Englishmen to have the victory.

Dau. Why, my lord and father, I would have the petty king of England to know that I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

King. I know well, my son, but at this time I will have it thus : therefore, come away.* [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Harfleur. *The English Camp.*

Enter KING HENRY V., YORK, OXFORD, and other Lords.

Hen. V. Come, my lords of England, no doubt this good luck of winning this town, is a sign of an honourable victory to come. But, good my lord, go and speak to the captains, with all speed to number the host of the Frenchmen, and by that means we may the better know how to appoint the battle.

York. And it please your majesty, there are many of your men sick and diseased, and many of them die for want of victuals.

Hen. V. And why did you not tell me of it before ? If

* The refusal of the French king to allow the Dauphin to take part in the battle is incident to both plays. See *Henry V.* III. 5.

we cannot have it for money, we will have it by dint of sword; the law of arms allows no less.

Oxf. I beseech your grace to grant me a boon.

Hen. V. What is that, my good lord?

Oxf. That your grace will give me the avantguard in the battle.

Hen. V. Trust me, my lord of Oxford, I cannot, for I have already given it to my uncle the Duke of York, yet I thank you for your good will. [*A trumpet sounds.*] How now, what is that?

York. I think it be some herald at arms.

Enter a Herald.

Her. King of England, my lord high Constable, and others of the noblemen of France, send me to defy thee, as open enemy to God, our country, and us, and here-upon they presently bid thee battle.

Hen. V. Herald, tell them that I defy them, as open enemies to God, my country, and me, and as wrongful usurpers of my right: and whereas thou sayst they presently bid me battle, tell them that I think they know how to please me:—but I pray thee, what place hath my lord prince Dauphin here in battle?

Her. And it please your grace, my lord and king his father, will not let him come into the field.

Hen. V. Why, then he doth me great injury, I thought that he and I should have played at tennis together: therefore I have brought tennis balls for him, but other manner of ones than he sent me. And, herald, tell my lord, prince Dauphin, that I have inured my hands with other kind of weapons than tennis balls, ere this time a

day, and that he shall find it ere it be long; and so adieu, my friend, and tell my lord that I am ready when he will. *[Exit Herald.*

Come, my lords, I care not and I go to our captains, and I'll see the number of the French army myself. Strike up the drum.* *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The French camp near Agincourt.*

Enter French Soldiers.

1 *Sol.* Come away, Jack Drummer, come away all, and me will tell you what me will do; me will tro one chance on the dice, who shall have the king of England and his lords.

2 *Sol.* Come away, Jack Drummer, and tro your chance and lay down your drum.

Enter Drummer.

Drum. Oh, the brave apparel that the English mans hay broth over! I will tell you what me ha' done; me ha' provided a hundredth trunks, and all to put the fine parel of the English man's in.

1 *Sol.* What do you mean by trunks?†

2 *Sol.* A shest, a hundred shests.

1 *Sol.* Awee, awee, awee! Me will tell you what, me have put five children out of my house, and all too little to put the fine apparel of the English mans in.

Drum. Oh, the brave, the brave apparel that we have anon; but come, and you shall see what we will tro at

* Query, whether this be not a stage direction, inadvertently incorporated with the text.

† Old copies, *trunkea*.

the king's drummer and fife. [*Throws.*] Ha ! me ha' no good luck ; tro you.

3 *Sol.* Faith, me will tro at the Earl of Northumberland, and my lord a Willoughby, with his great horse snorting, farting. Oh, brave horse ! [*Throws.*

1 *Sol.* Ha, bur lady, you ha' reasonable good luck ; now I will tro at the king himself. Ha, me have no good luck !

Enter a Captain.

Cap. How now, what make you here, so far from the camp ?

2 *Sol.* Shall me tell our captain what we have done here ?

Drum. Awee, awee ! [*Exeunt Drum. and 1 Sol.*

2 *Sol.* I will tell you what we have one ; we have been trowing on shance on the dice, but none can win the king.

Cap. I think so ; why, he is left behind for me, and I have set three or four chairmakers a-work to make a new disguised chair to set that womanly king of England in, that all the people may laugh and scoff at him.

2 *Sol.* Oh, brave captain !

Cap. I am glad, and yet with a kind of pity, to see the poor king. Why, who ever saw a more flourishing army in France, in one day, than here is ? Are not here all the peers of France ? Are not here the Normans with their fiery hand-guns and slaunching curtlexes ? Are not here the Barbarians with their bard* horses and lancing spears ? Are not here Picardies with their cross-bows and piercing darts ? The Henves with their cutting

* *i.e.*, Horses in armour. Bard means horse-armour.

glaives and sharp carbuckles? Are not here the lance knights of Burgundy, and on the other side a sight of poor English scabs? Why, take an Englishman out of his warm bed and his stale drink but one month, and, alas, what will become of him? But give the Frenchman a raddish root, and he will live with it all the days of his life. [Exit.

2 *Sol.* Oh, the brave apparel that we shall have of the English mans! [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Agincourt. *A Plain.*

Enter KING HENRY V., OXFORD, other English Lords, and the Army.

Hen. V. Come, my lords and fellows of arms, what company is there of the Frenchmen?

Oxf. And it please your majesty, our captains have numbered them, and so near as they can judge, they are about three score thousand horsemen, and forty thousand footmen.

Hen. V. They three score thousand, and we but two thousand; they three score thousand footmen, and we twelve thousand; they are a hundred thousand, and we forty thousand;—ten to one.† My lords and loving countrymen, though we be fewer, and they many, fear not, your quarrel is good, and God will defend you: pluck up your hearts, for this day we shall either have a valiant victory, or an honourable death. Now, my lords,

* Allusions to the fare of the English, by our Gallic neighbours, are frequent in old plays. See 1 *Henry VI.*, i. 2, and *Edward III.*, iii. 3.

† I leave this muddled computation to be unravelled by the clearer head of the reader.

I will* that my uncle the Duke of York have the avant-guard in the battle. The Earl of Derby, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Kent, the Earl of Nottingham, the Earl of Huntington, I will have beside the army, that they may come fresh upon them ; and I myself, with the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Gloster, will be in the midst of the battle. Furthermore, I will that my lord of Willoughby and the Earl of Northumberland, with their troops of horsemen, be continually running like wings on both sides of the army : my lord of Northumberland on the left wing. Then I will that every archer provide him a stake of a tree, and sharp it at both ends, and at the first encounter of the horsemen, to pitch their stakes down into the ground before them, that they may gore themselves upon them, and then to recoil back and shoot wholly all together, and so discomfit them.

Oxf. And it please your majesty, I will take that in charge, if your grace be therewith content.

Hen. V. With all my heart, my good lord of Oxford ; and go and provide quickly.

Oxf. I thank your highness. *[Exit.]*

Hen. V. Well, my lords, our battles are ordained, and the French making of bonfires, and at their banquets ; but let them look, for I mean to set upon them. *[A trumpet sounds.]* Soft, here comes some other French message.

Enter a Herald.

Her. King of England, my lord high Constable, and other of my lords, considering the poor estate of thee and

* i.e. Command.

thy poor countrymen, send me to know what thou wilt give for thy ransom. Perhaps thou mayst agree better cheap now than when thou art conquered.

Hen. V. Why, then, belike your high Constable sends to know what I will give for my ransom? Now, trust me, herald, not so much as a tun of tennis balls; no, not so much as one poor tennis ball: rather shall my body lie dead in the field to feed crows, than ever England shall pay one penny ransom for my body.

Her. A kingly resolution!

Hen. V. No, herald, 'tis a kingly resolution, and the resolution of a king. Here, take this for thy pains. [*Exit Herald.*] But stay, my lords, what time is it?

All. Prime, my lord.

Hen. V. Then is it good time, no doubt, for all England prayeth for us. What, my lords, methinks you look cheerfully upon me. Why then with one voice and like true English hearts, with me throw up your caps and for England cry Saint George! and God and Saint George help us!

[*Strike drums. Exeunt omnes.*

[*The Frenchmen cry within, "St. Dennis, St. Dennis, Mountjoy, St. Dennis!"*

*The Battle.**

SCENE V.—Agincourt. *The Battle field.*

Enter KING HENRY V., OXFORD, and other Lords.

Hen. V. Come, my lords, come, by this time our

* I have printed these directions as they stand in the old copies. In the representation on the stage the battle was probably shown by excursions, assaults, retreats and such like devices of stagecraft.

swords are almost drunk with French blood ; but, my lords, which of you can tell me how many of our army be slain in the battle ?

Oxf. And it please your majesty, there are of the French army slain about ten thousand ; twenty-six hundred whereof are princes and nobles bearing banners : besides, all the nobility of France are taken prisoners. Of your majesty's army are slain none but the good Duke of York, and not above five- or six-and-twenty common soldiers.*

Hen. V. For the good Duke of York, my uncle, I am heartily sorry, and greatly lament his misfortune ; yet the honourable victory, which the Lord hath given us, doth make me much rejoice. But stay,—here comes another French message. [*Sound trumpets.*]

Enter a Herald, he kneels.

Her. God save the life of the most mighty conqueror, the honourable king of England.

Hen. V. Now, herald, methinks the world is changed with you now. What, I am sure it is a great disgrace for a herald to kneel to the king of England ! What is thy message ?

Her. My lord and master, the conquered King of France, sends thee long health with hearty greeting.

* The old dramatists were very lax in their notions of historical accuracy. According to the best authorities the number slain on both sides at the battle of Agincourt were as follows :—French, the Constable of France, 3 dukes, 5 counts, 92 barons, 1500 knights, 8000 gentlemen of family, and several thousand rank and file. Prisoners to the number of 14000 were taken. The English loss in killed was the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, and about 1200 men. The numbers engaged are variously estimated ; the French at the highest estimate were 100,000, and the English 22,000.

Hen. V. Herald, his greetings are welcome, but I thank God for my health. Well, herald, say on.

Her. He hath sent me to desire your majesty to give him leave to go into the field to view his poor countrymen, that they may be all honourably buried.

Hen. V. Why, herald, doth thy lord and master send to me to bury the dead? Let him bury them 'a God's name! But I pray thee, herald, where is my lord high Constable, and those that would have had my ransom?

Her. And it please your majesty, he was slain in the battle.

Hen. V. Why, you may see, you will make yourselves sure before the victory be won: but, herald, what castle is this so near adjoining to our camp?

Her. And it please your majesty, 'tis called the castle of Agincourt.

Hen. V. Well, then, my lords of England, for the more honour of our Englishmen, I will that this be for ever called the battle of Agincourt.*

Her. And it please your majesty, I have a further message to deliver to your majesty.

Hen. V. What is that, herald? Say on.

Her. And it please your majesty, my lord and master craves to parley with your majesty.

Hen. V. With a good will, so some of my nobles view the place, for fear of treachery and treason.

Her. Your grace needs not to doubt that.

Hen. V. Well, tell him then I will come. [*Exit Her.*]

* Cf. *Henry V.*, IV. 7,—

“*K. Hen.* What is this castle called that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt.”

Now, my lords, I will go into the field myself to view my countrymen, and to have them honourably buried, for the French king shall never surpass me in courtesy, while I am Harry King of England. Come on, my lords.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.—Agincourt. *The Battle field.*

Enter JOHN COBBLER, *and* ROBIN PEWTERER.

Robin. Now, John Cobbler, didst thou see how the king did behave himself?

John. But, Robin, didst thou see what a policy the king had, to see how the Frenchmen were killed with the stakes of the trees?

Robin. Ay, John, there was a brave policy.

Enter an English Soldier, roaming.

Sol. What are you, my masters?

Both. Why, we be Englishmen.

Sol. Are you Englishmen? then change your language, for all the king's tents are set a-fire, and all they that speak English will be killed.

John. What shall we do, Robin? Faith, I'll shift, for I can speak broken French.

Robin. Faith, so can I. Let's hear how thou canst speak.

John. *Commodevales, monsieur.*

Robin. That's well; come, let's be gone.*

[*Drum and trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

* Ed. 1598 gives this speech to John Cobbler

SCENE II.—*The same. Another part of the field.*

Enter DERICK, roaming. After him a Frenchman, and takes him prisoner.

Der. Oh, good monsieur!

Frenchm. Come, come, you villiaco.*

Der. Oh, I will, sir, I will.

Frenchm. Come quickly, you peasant.

Der. I will, sir; what shall I give you?

Frenchm. Marry, thou shalt give me, one, two, tre, four hundred crowns.

Der. Nay, sir, I will give you more; I will give you as many crowns as will lie on your sword.

Frenchm. Wilt thou give me as many crowns as will lie on my sword?

Der. Ay, marry, will I; but you must lay down your sword, or else they will not lie on your sword.

[The Frenchman lays down his sword, and DERICK takes it up and hurls him down.]

Der. Thou villain! darest thou look up?

Frenchm. Oh, good monsieur, comparteve; monsieur, pardon me!

Der. Oh, you villain! now you lie at my mercy, dost thou remember since thou lamedst me in thy short ell?† Oh, villain, now I will strike off thy head!

[While he turns his back the Frenchman runs away.]

* A villain, rascal, or coward. The word is used in *Every Man out of his Humour*, v. 3, and 2 *Henry VI*, iv. 8, where by a printer's mistake it is spelt villiaco.

† I think we should read *with* instead of *in*. Derick means that the Frenchman lamed him with his short sword, which was a *short ell*, i.e., 27 inches in length.

What, is he gone! mass, I am glad of it, for if he had stayed, I was afraid he would have stirred again, and then I should have been spilt: but I will away, to kill more Frenchmen. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Troyes in Champagne. *A Room of state in the French King's palace.*

Enter the KING of France, KING HENRY V, and Attendants.

Hen. V. Now my good brother of France, my coming into this land was not to shed blood, but for the right of my country, which, if you can deny, I am content peaceably to leave my siege, and to depart out of your land.

F. King. What is your demand, my loving brother of England?

Hen. V. My secretary hath it written. *[to Sec.]* Read it.

Sec. *[Reads.]* Item, that immediately Henry of England be crowned king of France.

F. King. A very hard sentence, my good brother of England.

Hen. V. No more but right, my good brother of France.

F. King. Well, read on.

Sec. Item, that after the death of the said Henry, the crown remain to him and his heirs for ever.

F. King. Why, then you do not only mean to dispossess me, but also my son.

Hen. V. Why, my good brother of France, you have had it long enough, and as for prince Dauphin, it skills* not though he sit beside the saddle: thus I have set it

* *i.e.*, Matters not.

down, and thus it shall be.

F. King. You are very peremptory, my good brother of England.

Hen. V. And you as perverse, my good brother of France.

F. King. Why, then, belike, all that I have here is yours?

Hen. V. Ay, even as far as the kingdon of France reaches.

F. King. Ay, for by this hot beginning we shall scarce bring it to a calm ending.

Hen. V. It is as you please ; here is my resolution.

F. King. Well, my brother of England, if you will give me a copy, we will meet you again to-morrow.

Hen. V. With a good will, my good brother of France.
[*To Sec.*] Secretary deliver him a copy.

[*Exit King of France and all his Attendants.*
My lords of England, go before and I will follow you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Ah, Harry, thrice unhappy Harry ! Hast thou now conquered the French king, and begins a fresh supply with his daughter ? But with what face canst thou seek to gain her love, which hast sought to win her father's crown ? Her father's crown, said I ? no, it is mine own : ay, but I love her and must crave her ; nay, I love her and will have her : but here she comes.

Enter LADY KATHERINE and her Ladies.

How now, fair Lady Katherine of France, what news ?

Kath. And it please your majesty, my father sent me to know if you will debate any of these unreasonable

demands which you require.

Hen. V. Now trust me, Kate, I commend thy father's wit greatly in this, for none in the world could sooner have made me debate it if it were possible : but tell me, sweet Kate, canst thou tell how to love ?

Kath. I cannot hate, my good lord, therefore far unfit were it for me to love.

Hen. V. Tush, Kate, but tell me in plain terms, canst thou love the King of England ? I cannot do as these countries do, that spend half their time in wooing ; tush, wench, I am none such : but wilt thou go over to England ?

Kath. I would to God that I had your majesty as fast in love as you have my father in war ; I would not vouchsafe so much as one look until you had rebated* all these unreasonable demands.

Hen. V. Tush, Kate, I know thou wouldst not use me so hardly : but tell me, canst thou love the King of England ?

Kath. How should I love him that hath dealt so hardly with my father ?

Hen. V. But I'll deal as easily with thee as thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require ; how sayst thou, what will it be ?

Kath. If I were of my own direction, I could give you answer ; but seeing I stand at my father's direction, I must first know his will.

Hen. V. But shall I have thy good will in the mean-season ?

Kath. Whereas I can put your grace in no assurance,

* Old copies, *related*. Perhaps *delated*, as in a few lines above.

I would be loth to put you in any despair.

Hen. V. Now, before God, it is a sweet wench !

Kath. [*aside.*] I may think myself the happiest in the world, that is beloved of the mighty King of England.

Hen. V. Well, Kate, are you at host with me ? Sweet Kate, tell thy father, from me, that none in the world could sooner have persuaded me to it than thou, and so tell thy father from me.

Kath. God keep your majesty in good health.*

[*Exit KATH., with her train.*]

Hen. V. Farewell, sweet Kate ; in faith, it is a sweet wench ! but if I knew I could not have her father's good will, I would so rouse the[se] towers over his ears, that I would make him be glad to bring her me upon his hands and knees. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The English camp.*

Enter DERICK with his girdle full of shoes.

Der. How now ! Zounds, it did me good to see how I did triumph over the Frenchmen !

Enter JOHN COBBLER, roving, with a pack full of apparel.

John. Whoop, Derick, how dost thou ?

Der. What, John, commede vales, alive yet !

John. I promise thee, Derick, I 'scaped hardly, for I was within half a mile when one was killed.

Der. Were you so ?

John. Ay, trust me, I had like been slain.

* Compare King Henry's courting of Katherine, with Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, v. 2. A scene very similar occurs in *Fair Em*, III. 1.

Der. But once killed ! why, 'tis nothing ; I was four or five times slain.

John. Four or five times slain ! Why how couldst thou have been alive now ?

Der. Oh, John, never say so, for I was called the bloody soldier amongst them all.

John. Why, what didst thou ?

Der. Why, I will tell thee, John : every day when I went into the field, I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose and make my nose bleed, and then I would go into the field ; and when the captain saw me, he would say, 'Peace, a bloody soldier !' and bid me stand aside ; whereof I was glad. But mark the chance, John ; I went and stood behind a tree, but mark then, John, I thought I had been safe, but on a sudden there steps to me a lusty tall Frenchman ; now he drew, and I drew, now I lay here, and he lay there ; now I set this leg before and turned this backward, and skipped quite over a hedge, and he saw me no more there that day : and was not this well done, John ?

John. Mass, Derick, thou hast a witty head.

Der. Ay, John, thou mayst see, if thou hadst taken my counsel ;—but what hast thou there ? I think thou hast been robbing the Frenchmen.

John. I' faith, Derick, I have gotten some reparel to carry home to my wife.

Der. And I have got some shoes, for I'll tell thee what I did when they were dead ; I would go take off all their shoes.

John. Ay, but Derick, how shall we get home ?

Der. Nay, zounds, and they take thee, they will hang

thee. Oh, John, never do so ! if it be thy fortune to be hanged, be hanged in thy own language, whatsoever thou doest. [now.

John. Why, Derick, the wars is done, we may go home

Der. Ay, but you may not go before you ask the king leave ; but I know a way to go home, and ask the king no leave.

John. How is that, Derick ?

Der. Why, John, thou knowest the Duke of York's funeral must be carried into England, dost thou not ?

John. Ay, that I do.

Der. Why, then thou knowest we'll go with it.

John. Ay, but Derick, how shall we do for to meet them ?

Der. Zounds, if I make not shift to meet them, hang me. Sirrah, thou knowest that in every town there will be ringing, and there will be cakes and drink ; now I will go to the clerk and sexton, and keep a-talking, and say, 'Oh, this fellow rings well,' and thou shalt go and take a piece of cake ; then I'll ring, and thou shalt say, 'Oh, this fellow keeps a good stint,' and then I will go drink to thee all the way.—But I marvel what my dame will say when we come home, because we have not a French word to cast at a dog by the way.

John. Why, what shall we do, Derick ?

Der. Why, John, I'll go before and call my dame whore, and thou shalt come after, and set fire on the house. We may do it, John, for I'll prove it, because we be soldiers. [The trumpets sound.

John. Derick, help me to carry my shoes and boots !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A room of state in the French King's Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY V., *the Earls of* OXFORD *and* EXETER ; *then the* KING *of* France, PRINCE DAUPHIN, *the* Duke of BURGUNDY, LADY KATHERINE *and* Attendants.

Hen. V. Now my good brother of France, I hope by this time you have deliberated of your answer.

F. King. Ay, my well beloved brother of England, we have viewed it over with our learned council, but cannot find that you should be crowned King of France.

Hen. V. What, not King of France? then nothing ! I must be king. But, my loving brother of France, I can hardly forget the late injuries offered me when I came last to parley ; the Frenchmen had better 'a raked the bowels out of their fathers' carcasses, than to have fired my tents ; and if I knew thy son prince Dauphin for one, I would so rouse him as he was never so roused.

F. King. I dare swear for my son's innocency in this matter.—But if this please you, that immediately you be proclaimed and crowned heir and regent of France, not king, because I myself was once crowned king.

Hen. V. Heir and regent of France, that is well ; but that is not all that I must have.

F. King. The rest my secretary hath in writing.

Sec. [Reads.] Item, That Henry King of England be crowned heir and regent of France during the life of King Charles, and after his death the crown, with all rights, to remain to King Henry of England and to his heirs for ever.

Hen. V. Well, my good brother of France, there is one thing I must needs desire.

F. King. What is that, my good brother of England?

Hen. V. That all your nobles must be sworn to be true to me.

F. King. Whereas they have not stuck with greater matters, I know they will not stick with such a trifle. Begin you, my lord duke of Burgundy.

Hen. V. Come, my lord of Burgundy, take your oath upon my sword.

Bur. I, Philip duke of Burgundy, swear to Henry King of England, to be true to him, and to become his league-man; and that if I, Philip, hear of any foreign power coming to invade the said Henry or his heirs, then I, the said Philip, to send him word and aid him with all the power I can make, and thereunto I take my oath.

[*He kisses the sword.*]

Hen. V. Come prince Dauphin, you must swear too.

[*The DAUPHIN kisses the sword.*]

Well, my brother of France, there is one thing more I must needs require of you.

F. King. Wherein is it that we may satisfy your majesty?

Hen. V. A trifle my good brother of France. I mean to make your daughter queen of England if she be willing, and you therewith content. How sayst thou, Kate, canst thou love the King of England?

Kath. How should I love thee, which is my father's enemy?*

Hen. V. Tut, stand not upon these points; 'tis you must make us friends. I know, Kate, thou art not a

* Cf. *Henry V.*, v. 2,—

"*Kate.* Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?"

little proud that I love thee : what, wench, the King of England ?

F. King. Daughter, let nothing stand betwixt the king of England and thee ; agree to it.

Kath. I had best, while he is willing, lest when I would he will not.—I rest at your majesty's command.

Hen. V. Welcome, sweet Kate :—but my brother of France, what say you to it ?

F. King. With all my heart, I like it ; but when shall be your* wedding day ?

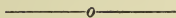
Hen. V. The first Sunday of the next month, God willing.

[*Sound trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*

* Ed. 1598, *our*.

THE END,

OF TWO CROSS PLAYS.



✚ The next issue of this series will be the plays dealing with the York and Lancaster faction, viz.,—

- 1 *THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrey : And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinal of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade : And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the Crowne.*
- 2 *THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORK, and the Death of Good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention between the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, &c.*
- 3 *THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD THE THIRD: Wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong princes in the Tower : with a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly the conjunction and ioining of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and York,*

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 039821043